

THE PLAGUE IN MEMPHIS.

MEMPHIS, July 20.—Throughout all of last night and to-day steady streams of people have been moving by every street, avenue and railway from the impending fever affliction now threatening this plague stricken city. It is stated that two thousand persons departed by the Louisville road alone, their baggage piled in high tiers extending from Main to beyond Second street on the company's platform. While there was no excitement, nor a stampede, such as prevailed when the people were startled by the first announcement that yellow fever had broken out, yet the crush was immense. To-day vehicles of every imaginable description have lined the highways, carrying people, baggage, household effects and camp equipage to the country. Within forty-eight hours the only remaining inhabitants will be poverty-stricken people unable for lack of means to leave, negroes and white men occupying places which imperatively demand their presence. This exodus is in response to the announcement of the press and authorities that they will not be fed or nursed if sick, and that their lives depend on an immediate evacuation. Should the fever demon spread over the city, it will find an appetizing repast, as the poor unable to go away outnumber those who remained last year. Many have fled who went through the scourge of 1878, and who are deemed safe from another attack, having suffered and recovered. They say they have no desire to witness a repetition of the trials, hardships and death scenes which they were compelled to experience last season. In spite of the most urgent appeals from the authorities that flight is the only safeguard, and depopulation the only way to check the monster's ravages, it will be impossible to reduce the population below ten thousand. All property owners, and nearly all leading officials, have gone on or are going away. Some twenty of our heaviest merchants are moving their stock to St. Louis and Cincinnati, there to re-open and continue business until November. A dull, dreary, and lonesome time is in prospect for all who remain. Many business houses closed last night, and will not re-open until cold weather sets in.

Leading physicians express the opinion that there will not be much more sickness, owing to the lack of material to feed on. Whole streets are deserted, and stores of all kinds, from wholesale business houses to saloon and cigar shops, closed. About six hundred tons of sugar, molasses, bacon and other supplies were shipped North on Monday night by merchants who intend to open branch houses at St. Louis. One sad incident is reported. The wife of Dr. J. C. Harris, who died Monday morning after an illness of less than four days, returned to the city with her infant babe, and she did not learn of her husband's death until she was a few yards from her home, in Wellington street, near the Hernando road. Upon the sad news being imparted, Mrs. Harris fainted. She was placed in charge of friends, and will doubtless leave here for a more healthy place. It is stated that Dr. Harris was robbed of a gold watch and a pocketbook with a few dollars in it a short time before his death, but while perfectly conscious, though weak, and in a condition so helpless as to be able to offer no resistance. It is also said that the doctor's death was due more to bungling and careless nursing than to any other cause.

BLACK JEWS IN ABYSSINIA.

A VERY correct ethnological fact has been communicated to *Les Missions Catholiques*, which sees in it an argument in favour of the unity of the human race. On the authority of a Jewish traveller and convert named Halevy, it is said that there is a race of Jewish black men in Abyssinia. It appears that M. Halevy learned that there was such a race in the highlands, from which the Takezze descend. Naturally, he felt anxious to meet his co-religionists, whose features and colour had changed so remarkably. He sought out accordingly these people, who are known in that country as Falaschas. With singular good fortune, he found two of them who had been baptized. It was not difficult to interview them concerning their origin, or to induce one of them to repeat a prayer for the morning, which he had learned from his mother. This prayer he said, not as in the West with joined hands, but with them raised as high as the face and the palms turned away from it. Its sentiment is certainly Hebraic, and it was addressed to the Omnipotent and Eternal God who had delivered them from Egypt, and had destroyed the army of Pharaoh; who had nourished them in the desert, and had led them by night and day. It continues: "Who is like unto You, O Eternal; who else is worshipped in the assembly of the saints; what God is like our God? You are from all eternity; Your years will have no end. Remember, O Eternal, Your testament which You gave to Moses on Mount Horeb. May God be praised from all eternity. Amen, amen."

M. Halevy expresses himself convinced that these men were real descendants of Abraham, notwithstanding the colour and the disappearance of well-known Hebrew features. By means of these two men, he discovered many others of the same race and colour. At least five of them were trading in pipes and sabres. They in turn introduced him to a little colony, who were inexpressibly astonished at seeing a "white Falascha." When they heard that M. Halevy had been at Jerusalem, they expressed great curiosity, and inquired for Mount Sion and the "tomb of their mother Rachel, Bethlehem and the city of Hebron, where rest the remains of Sarah and Abraham." M. Halevy further relates some particulars of a holy war undertaken by them to deliver Jerusalem, to deliver it from infidels and make it the capital of all the nations of the earth. They set out in great numbers, convinced that God would renew in their favour the miracles granted to the prayers of Moses, that the sea would again divide to permit their passage, and that they would be supported by manna from heaven; almost all who set out perished. This fact and the belief in a temporal Messiah who would restore the kingdom of Israel, go to prove that the Abyssinian exodus dates from the dispersion of the Jews after the destruction of Jerusalem.

ORANGE GROVES AND ALLIGATORS.

THERE are some wonderful orange groves in the town, or "the city," as the inhabitants persist in calling the place. Those most remarkable belong to Dr. Anderson and to the estate of the late Mr. Ball, of New York. This latter place, on which about 80,000 dollars were expended in improvements some years ago, is now for sale. If the plains around St. Augustine were covered with such groves as these, the town would be the most beautiful in the world. The groves of Dr. Anderson and the Ball estate are close together. To wander through them on a fine morning, when a gentle breeze is coming in from the sea, or to sit on a bench in the midst of the fragrant leaves, with the robins, the blackbirds, and the cardinals saucily inviting you to declare your purpose, and with the golden fruit hanging within reach of your arm (and with permission to pick it!)—these are pleasures which no one fails to appreciate. The lemon trees here produce fruit of astonishing size and excellent quality; and the oranges are exquisite. On the Ball estate there is an avenue of great length bordered by orange trees, the boughs of which bend under hundreds of oranges. To right and left hand lead away to conservatories, gardens and paths swept by fresh breezes and dotted with pretty groups of flowers. This is a little earthly paradise during the winter months. Dr. Anderson's grove is one of the most famous in the south, and is exceedingly profitable. His residence fronts on a street charmingly embowered in orange, lemon, and magnolia trees, and lined with handsome cottages. Outside the town a road leads across the marshes on a causeway, and on the marshes snipe abound just now. A northern visitor who was passing these fens with me laughed at the sign, "No trespassing here," which arose on a pole out of some suspiciously resistible soil, but if he had known that it was a snipe country he would not have laughed. It was in these bottoms that an alligator hunter was nicely caught, as he told me some years since. Coming home from a chase after the skins of the wily saurian, he was wading the marshes wearily, with his gun on his shoulder, when he felt his right leg seized, and looking down saw a moderate sized alligator had grasped him. Nothing but his heavy boot leg saved him from being badly wounded. He brought his gun down with terrific force on the creature's head, uttered a fearful yell and managed to jump clear of his adversary. His hair stood straight on end ere he stopped running off the edge of the swamp. The alligator is not seen so often in this vicinity as in other days, nor does he condescend to show himself much on the waters of the St. John's, as the young men worry him with their pistol shots. On the borders of the small streams tributary to the great river the monsters swarm; they are not pretty, and their "smile" is so gigantic that one does not feel inclined to dispute the probability of Mr. Boffin's hiding behind it, as that veridical historian, Charles Dickens, informs us that he did in Mr. Venus's work-shop. An alligator is so much in colour like a floating log that people in small boats need to be exceedingly wary. The moccasin snake is another enemy which poisons the tranquility of the wanderer in Florida forests. "Deadly!" said a sportsman to me; "I think they are. You are a dead man in five minutes if they strike you, without some remedy, and there are millions of them. Rattle-snakes too." But these interesting creatures are only seen in the town: the habit of the farmers and herdsmen of burning over the ground twice a year destroys a great number of them. The ground is turned up at once after the fire and furnishes food to the half-starved cows which struggle in the forest. An animated protest against this system has been made by northern settlers, who frequently found that their fences had gone up in a general conflagration.—*Edward King in "Boston Journal."*

THE RIOTS IN SICILY.

THE Roman *Capitale* publishes the following startling account of the riots at Caltabiano:—On the morning of the 8th June the poorer part of the population, both men and women, assembled in the square to protest against a new tax levied on hens. The Syndic, who was found in a café playing at cards, taking the matter lightly, received the deputation with fisticuffs. Alarmed, however, by the increasing clamour, he led the way to the Municipality and surrendered the roll of the ratepayers. This was burned by the crowd, which then dispersed. In the afternoon, however, the arrival being bruited of a force of policemen, gendarmes, and soldiery, the crowd collected anew, and marching with the portraits of the King and Queen, and the national flag at their head, were joined by the Working Men's Club, and met the forces at the station with loyal shouts of "Viva il Rè." After an interchange of salutations they marched collectively into the village, halting in the square. The military were drawn up in line. The inhabitants ranged themselves opposite, waving their flags and cheering for the King and the army. At this moment a policeman, greatly detested, nicknamed "Thrasher," advancing, ordered the labourers to lower their flag. Exasperated by a refusal, he drew on the flag-bearer, but was in his turn struck by a stone. This was the signal for the commencement of hostilities. The soldiers fired volley after volley. The crowd first replied with stones, then disbanded, and fled. Many persons were shot accidentally; a mounted muliteer and a peasant returning singing from the fields, two children, and a man, upwards of eighty who received a second fatal shot as his son, heedless of danger, bore him off. Two young ladies were wounded whilst closing the window shutters. The number killed was eighteen, among whom was a pregnant woman, who was ripped up by bayonet thrusts. The wounded were upwards of sixty. Seventy arrests were made. The rioters are scattered about the country, and fear to return to the village; whilst the crops suffer from want of hands to gather them in.

William Padgett, of Bradenburg, Ky., believed in witches, and that they were constantly pursuing him. They got possession of his wife, he thought, and he killed her in order to drive them away. But they pursued him into gao', where he was incarcerated, and he could only escape by hanging himself, which he did.